THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 56.

..... Patience, on a monument
Smiling at Grief. .....

PATIENCE.

THE striking elegance of the motto to this day's paper, has brought it into that extreme and universal familiarity, that has fairly given it rank among the proverbs of poetry.

"She sits like Patience on a monument
Smiling at GRIEF"

is perhaps, for one of its brevity, the most prominently fortunate passage in dramatic verse. It presents to the imagination an image most beautifully tender, and, while it suffuses the eye by the truth of pathos, it expands the mind by the contemplation of that rational stoicism that can reprove the throbs of tumultuous regret, or can, in the extreme precision of the poet's paradoxical antithesis, "*smile* at *grief*."

There is one passage however, of I know not what bard, attempting to prosonify the same object, that is, if possible, more admirable for strength of conception, for felicity and glow of expression, than even this *chef d'œuvre* of SHAKESPEARE. It is this.

..... "Patience,
"Her white arms folded on her modest breast,
"In meek submission lifts th' adoring eye
"*Even to the storm that wrecks her.*"

The whole personification is beautiful and the rules of criticism invariably observed. The *entierty* is perfect. Not an epithet or particle is superfluous. Every thing is significant; every thing apt. "*Her white arms folded.*" What appropriate attitude for the figure of Patience, that would sit with folded arms "amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds?"

"Her white arms folded on her *modest* breast,
"In *meek submission.*"

The outline is bold, but well drawn. The *folded* arms, the *modest* breast, the *meek submission*, all mark the identity of the object, and show it to be none other, than what it is.—It is a picture, that needs no explanatory aid of subscription. He, that runs, may read. In *meek* submission lifting the adoring eye, to *the very storm, that wrecks her*, is a conception wonderful for its strength. It seems to be hyperbole hyperbolized, and is yet admirably within the bounds of strict propriety. At first in gentle radiance the image gradually rises into view, till it bursts into the fulness of the glory of patience, lifting the eye of adoration to the object of her own, immediate, inevitable destruction. The bard has indeed fairly delinc-

ated the calm collectedness of that being who can "outface the brow of bragging horror."

We are so in the habit of decrying every thing common-place, that even Patience has not escaped the general depreciation. A cardinal virtue, second only to Justice, she is still about to be driven into exile by popular madness, and every man seems eager to sign her ostracism, while matronly Patience absolutely forgets herself in haste to provide each with a shell. The era of extravagance is over us, the age of all "monstrous and prodigious things." In the moral world, "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire" seem to be the only objects contemplated with any delight. Every thing must be strange, every thing uncommon. We must rebel against fate, though fate be immoveable; we must make bare the arm against destiny, though destiny be the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. We must attempt to alter purposes unalterable, to resist force irresistible, to change what we know to be without variableness or shadow of change. We must eternally fret, though fretfulness can produce no possible good; we must never submit, though submission be the only expedient to lessen the evils of life. These are doctrines of a *new* school, and the peripatetics of the system crowd the streets daily. They are not the followers of ARISTOTLE. They know no master, but Mammon, the colossus, "that bestrides this *narrow* world." Considering the depths and mysteries of this most profound philosophy of absurdity and the universal dulness of each individual disciple, it is unaccountable the proficiency he makes. Each is a law to himself; of course they are lawless all together. They have neither discipline at school, nor method in study. They reject all premises, and flash at conclusions. Patience they denounce as written in obsolete characters on the scroll of virtue, which they cannot decypher and shall not pretend to understand. It ought forever to "moulder on the shelves of exploded" stupidity, or monkish recluseness. It is incompatible with capacity for business. But impatience, they assert, is the life of enterprise. It is essential to that *ardor animi*, which constantly starts new projects and finds means to complete them. It produces that spirit, which is nerve to business; that unintermittent irritation, which never lets a man rest; which makes him, when idle, wish to be busy, and when busy to be idle. It leads to that idea of the immensity of fortune, a something, "never ending, still beginning," so serviceable to the purposes of commerce. It makes men bustle and get rich.—Patience is the dray-horse, that may drag; but enterprise is the hunter, that leaps. As for contentment, they scout the idea of happiness ever being united with contentment. Contentment is poverty. And who ever heard of a man's being happy that was poor?

These are the reasonings of zealots, but their zeal is "not according to knowledge." Patience evinces that worth, which like pure gold, seven times tried, can lose nothing by the fiery ordeal. Afflictions come up out of the ground; but shall a man therefore refuse to step? The philosopher knows that in the world he must have tribulation and is patient under trouble. The sure heir of pain, he attempts not to decline the inheritance. A candidate by nature for the final election of death, he waits with firmness the time of his choice.

Who has not heard of THEMISTOCLES? A man of impetuous

feelings, a gentleman high in rank, family and fortune, eager to express some suggestion, conceived to be immensely important to the state, is interrupted by some rude Plebeian in the Rome of mind, raising his barbarian arm to smite him into silence. Instead of yielding to the natural irritability of noble blood, "Strike, but hearken!" is all that escapes from his lips.—"That's noble." It has ranked Themistocles among the nobles of nature. Posterity at this day would scarcely have known him, had it not been for this ennobling instance of patience.

The true spirit of Christian patience is well expressed in sacred style by the meek language of Job. "Stop, till I have spoken; and, when that I have spoken, mock on." The wretch that could continue his interruption after such a reproof, deserves not the tolerance of patience, and forms a case which must have been without the apostle's contemplation, when he wrote of the charity "that endureth all things."

Patience is essential to the statesman. What would PITT have been, but for political patience?—This it was that alone emboldened him to stand firm at helm amid the commotions of the elements and the tumults of the people. This only could so long have enabled him to ride the whirlwind and direct the storm. This made him great in spite of fortune; and left his life proof to the world how infinitely more glorious it is to deserve success than to command it. If a great man, struggling with the storms of fate, the gods behold with pleasure, after so long and violent and well contested a struggle, they must witness his prostration with regret.

Patience is peculiarly necessary to the historian and the man of literature. But I forbear to enlarge. I should soon make the improvement of the lesson its utter defeat; not encourage this virtue, but promote the success of its opposite; commit sad blunders; worse confound confusion; instead of exciting to forbearance, effectually write the reader quite out of patience.

S.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Messrs Editors,

IT is well known to be a remark among those who are inclined to indulge their wit at the expence of philosophy, that no position, however ridiculous, can be taken, but it will be supported and defended by philosophers. Although a general observation of this nature looks more like the spirit of ridicule than the love of truth, yet it must be confessed, that many of the most visionary systems have by turns found their advocates among the learned, and that genius and labor are often directed to the curious consideration of subjects that can never benefit the community, rather than to serious inquires on interesting matter.

I was led to these remarks by a curious essay published by Mr. *Vander Mulen*, the author of two learned dissertations on the creation of the world, concerning the "*rib of which Eve was formed.*" So singular an object of philosophical investigation naturally excited curiosity and lead me to wonder what could be found in this eccentric enquiry worthy the profound thoughts of a professed philosopher, and I assure you my expectations were more than realized by the ingenuity of his hypotheses and the fertility of his mind in reconciling facts to theories.

Mr. Vander Mulen says, that the deep sleep which fell upon Adam, was intended by God to conceal from him such an admirable operation as that of creation. ; and that when Adam said Eve was *bone of his bone* and *flesh of his flesh*, it was by means of knowledge acquired by a dream in that time. Mr. Vander Mulen then gives the conjectures of the Jewish Rabbies on the probable formation of Adam and Eve.—"Some (says he) will have it that our first parent was both a man and a woman. Rabbi Samuel, son of Nachman, affirms, that the first man and the first woman were created together in such manner that Eve cleaved to Adam's shoulders as though she had been glued with pitch." After reciting and opposing the opinions of several Jews and Christians in this part of his enquiry, he proceeds to state and formally to discuss three questions. 1st. Whether the rib out of which Eve was created, belong to the right or the left side?" In answer to this he says, it is the better opinion, that it was taken from the left side near his heart, to denote that a man and his wife should have but one heart. But the anatomical fact, that a man has as many ribs on one side as the other seems to stop his enquires. The second question is, "whether after the loss of that rib Adam was a maimed or perfect man?"! The point most laboured in this part is to show that Adam had one rib more than any of his race, this he calls an useless rib to Adam *considered as a private man*, but *as he was the head of all mankind*, that rib was necessary to him for the production of Eve, since she could not be propagated in the natural way, and hence he concludes, that notwithstanding this loss of a rib Adam was a perfect man. But the third question is the most perplexing—"Why Eve was formed of a rib and not of the dust of the ground as Adam was?"—From a variety of reasoning, Mr. V. Mulen concludes, that this was necessary to unite the first husband and the first wife in the strictest bonds of unity and love. Had Eve been created of the *dust* she would have been a stranger to Adam.—Had she been created from an inferior part of his body he might have despised and trampled upon her. Had she been created out of his head she would have been liable to assume too much and domineer over him notwithstanding the weakness of her sex and the superiority of her husband. It was therefore proper that she should be taken from the middle, by which means he could not but have a proper esteem for her, and look upon her as a companion and friend. This too is the doctrine of the *Angelical Doctors*. "Conveniens fuit mulierem formari de vitæ costa. Primo quidem, ad significandum virum ac mulierem debet esse socialis con- junctio, Neque mulier debet dominari in virum et ideo non est formata de capite, neque debet a viro despici tanquam serviliter subjecta & ideo non est for mata de pedibus"; and a similar sentiment probably gave rise to the following in the *master of sentences*. Ego accipio te, non dominam, nec ancillam sed conjugem—*I take thee not to be my mistress or my servant, but my wife.*

This is a brief sketch of the essay of Mr. Vander Mulen, who has discussed it with much laborious investigation, and scientific research, and spent time and talents which had better have been appropriated to more useful designs. Thus it is, that science diminishes from its own respectability, and philosophy makes itself ridiculous by the tendency of its manners.

MORUS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 6.

Lusus animo debent aliquando dari
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.

John Bull, (Coleman) and Four Seasons. Wednesday, Nov. 19.

JOHN BULL is, perhaps, of all Coleman's comedies, that which has gained him most applause.—Not because it is his best; but in consequence of its name and *nationality*.

The acting this evening was, on the whole, to be commended; but it was in many respects imperfect.

In Dennis Brulgruddery, Mr. Bernard, was exceedingly great; and lost nothing of his established fame in the character of this eccentric Irishman. The scene of equivoque after the return of Dan, was well imagined. We have seldom seen a more indifferent Perigrine, than Mr. Usher. His voice without being elevated, was uncommonly thick; and his enunciation was defective; as was in some instances his emphasis. This character requires great powers, as its connection with the interest of the piece, from the beginning to the end, renders it particularly interesting; whether in protecting innocence, relieving distress, or denouncing vengeance on arrogance and pride.

We think Mr. Dickenson's Job Thornberry was too broad. And in the scene before Sir Francis Rochdale, he was more violent than is consistent with true discrimination. Yet the first interview with Perigrine was quite respectable.

Sir Francis Rochdale, by Mr. Dykes, evinced considerable ability. His costume was correct.

Mr. Poe, as he did not appear to aim at, so he did not attain much celebrity in Frank Rochdale. We hope he may yet learn more dignity in elevated scenes.

The Tom Shuffleton of the evening was good. Mr. Fox gave some new points to the character. But we still say, more articulation, or less rapidity, Mr. Fox.

The female parts were well sustained, particularly, Mary Thornberry by Mrs. Poe. She received her father with great effect.

The Iron Chest, (Coleman) and Lying Valet. Friday, Nov. 21.

THE IRON CHEST has many singular connections with theatrical history. It was written by the younger Coleman, for the chief proprietor of Drury Lane theatre, at a greater expence than it had ever been usual to pay for the exertions of dramatic ingenuity.

Sir Edward Mortimer is represented as a gentleman of noble mind and high sense of honor. In the heat of passion he had committed a murder, for which he had been arraigned, tried, and for want of proof honorably acquitted. The consciousness, however, of his real guilt disturbs his mind and makes his hours gloomy and unpleasant; he is sketched upon the plan of Junius, "one of those compound characters, who without firmness enough to avoid a dishonorable action has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.

Wilford is a young and friendless orphan whom Mortimer had taken into his service from principles of benevolence, and employed as his secretary. Under these circumstances the play opens. Wilford is curious to understand the cause of Mortimer's melancholy, and learns from Winterton, the steward of the family, the history of the trial; but is still anxious to obtain further particulars. From the conduct of Wil-

ford, Mortimer is apprehensive that he is suspicious of the fact, particularly as the *Iron Chest*, in which his papers are deposited, being accidentally left open, Wilford is found in the act of examining it. To prevent however any effect which might result if Wilford should make the discovery, he voluntarily discloses the real facts under the solemn oath of Wilford never to reveal them.—Uneasy under this knowledge, and apprehensive that the jealousy of Sir Edward would make his life a continued scene of unhappiness, he privately leaves the family, and in his flight is made prisoner by a band of robbers, who infested the vicinity. Mortimer, alarmed at his flight, circulated a story prejudicial to his character, with the design of destroying his credibility if ever after he should reveal the fatal secret.—One of the robbers being dismissed from the band informs of Wilford's captivity, who is immediately arrested by Mortimer and arraigned on the charge of theft before Fitzharding, a worthy officer and brother of Mortimer, who was then by chance in the family. On this examination, which is made with great ingenuity and dramatic skill, every one is convinced of Wilford's guilt until in his trunk, which was brought in and opened, a "paper of curious enfolding," and a singular knife arrests the attention of Fitzharding. This paper was a narrative of the murder which Mortimer had committed and the knife, the instrument by which it was accomplished. Mortimer in a hurry had previously thrown them with jewels and other articles into Wilford's trunk, to stengthen the force of his accusation. Conscience struck and overpowered by the disclosure of his guilt, Sir Edward confesses that the charges he had brought against Wilford were utterly false, and in the violence of his motions is seized with strong fits of convulsion. The curtain drops and the play concludes.

In the IRON CHEST, Coleman has jumbled a number of incidents, which have no connection with each other, but that they are contained in the same play, yet while they do not in the least contribute to promote the progress, they essentially injure the interest of the fable. In the first scene, we have a poacher and his family, Rawbold, Dan and Barbara. They talk of killing deer and smuggling brandy; of fearing the power of Sir Edward Mortimer, and after the scene closes, we see no more of Rawbold. *Dan* and *Barbara* to be sure are seen; but are seen merely to take up time upon the stage. There are scenes in which the Robbers are introduced; which are perfectly useless, not to say detrimental to the piece.—Neither have Helen and Blanch any material relation to the main plot. In short the play is a heap of episode, and none of the characters, but those of Sir Edward Mortimer, Wilford, Fitzharding and Winterton, have any intimate connection with each other. Could a new interest of the supernumerary characters be interwoven with the chief story, the play might gain much additional credit; which it certainly needs. An arrangement, might be made, by which Rawbold should prove to be the man supposed to be murdered by Sir Edward; which would be parallel to the case of Sir Philip Blanford in Speed the Plough; and by that means a high wrought scene of forgiveness might be introduced as a catastrophe. When the loves of Wilford and Barbara, and Sir Edward and Helen might easily be consummated, and the other characters contribute to the result by unavoidable concatination. There is no necessity for the Robbers to bring in Wilford before the audience. Let him be missing until Sir Edward has information from the cashiered thief and the sympathy excited would be correspondent in both the characters of the play and the auditors, and the interest in his fate be much more lively than now.

As it is at present however, the whole art of the author seems to have been directed to produce an ingenious and interesting trial of Wilford towards the conclusion; and leaving

most of his characters to shift for themselves, he has made the Iron Chest quite a defective drama.

Besides, the characters are not well *preserved*, and the tendency is not moral. The diction is oftentimes inflated and the metaphor confused; though the language is sometimes illumined with the flashes of genius and ornamented with the inventions of fancy. The story is borrowed from the popular novel of Caleb Williams; and the author has followed his original too closely to admit much dramatic incident.

Of the performance, little is required to be said; Sir Edward Mortimer in the hands of Mr. Caulfield was tolerably supported. In the first interview with Wilford his execution of the contending passions, had instantaneous effect. But he mouthed very considerably almost all the long speeches; making no difference in his tones whether he was conversing with Wilford or Fitzharding; at the trial, or in the library. We think his action rather too exuberant; and his manners forced. Fox in Wilford, shewed attention to his business; and in the trial scene, he was forcible.

Adam Winterton is the most soporific character which ever lethargized an audience. And Mr. Dickenson from his acting seemed to conceive it such. Mr. Dykes' personation of Fitzharding wanted vivacity. The outline was good; but the colouring defective.

Mr. Bernard's humour shone conspicuous in Dan; and notwithstanding it is a clog upon the play, he relieved the burthen by the celerity with which he managed it. Rawbold, by Mr. Usher, as it is an unfinished character does not demand observation; it is sufficient that he did all which is required in it.

Mrs. Stanley, as Helen, increased our favourable opinion of her powers of discrimination, and just delivery; and Mrs. Poe rises in esteem.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

.....

MAGIC!

SUPERNATURAL effects and wonderful prodigies have always been a source of interest with uninformed minds; but it is a firm article of popular faith, that no enchantment can subsist in a living stream. Nay, if you can interpose a brook betwixt you, and witches, spectres, or even fiends, you are in perfect safety. Burns' inimitable *Tam o' Shanter* turns entirely upon such a circumstance. The belief seems to be of antiquity. Brompton informs us, that certain Irish wizards could, by spells, convert earthen clods, or stones, into fat pigs, which they sold in the market; but which always reassumed their proper form, when driven by the deceived purchaser across a running stream. But Brompton is severe on the Irish, for a very good reason: "Gens ista spurcissima non solvunt decimas." *Chronicon. Johannis Bromptou apud decem Scriptores*, p. 1076.

GLAMOUR,

In the legends of Scottish superstition, means the magic power of imposing on the eye-sight of spectators, so that the appearance of an object shall be totally different from the reality. To such a charm the ballad of Johnie Fa' imputes the fascination of the lovely countess, who eloped with that gypsey leader.

NAT LEE

was so pathetic a reader of dramatic poetry, that while he was reciting one of his own plays in the green-room, to major Mohun, the latter, in the warmth of his admiration, threw away the part, and exclaimed "To what purpose can I undertake this character, if I am not able to play it as well as you read it?"

DRYDEN.

THIS great poet, though one of the first harmonizers of our language, was so indifferent a reader, that when he brought his play of *Amphytrion* to the stage, Cibber, who heard him give it the first reading, says, "Though he delivered the plain sense of every period, yet the whole was in so cold, so flat, and unaffecting a manner, that I am afraid of not being believed if I should express it."

ADDISON.

On the first reading of his *Cato* in the green-room, he succeeded so ill, that he would not attempt it a second time. He therefore consigned that task to Cibber, who acquitted himself so much better than the author, that the latter

requested he would perform the part of *Cato*. But Cibber knew his own talents too well for this, and he yielded the part very judiciously to Booth.

THE IRON CHEST.

THE address of Wilford in this play, contains a beautiful and elegant appeal to moral feelings.

You know best
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind
And cannot reäd them ; but there is a Judge,
To whose all seeing eye our inmost thoughts
Lie open. Think to him you now appeal;
Omniscience keeps heaven's register,
And soon or late, when Time unfolds the book,
Our trembling souls must answer to the record
And meet their due rewards and punishment.

FOND WISHES.

LOVE is full of them ; but no where has gone wider into the field of fancy than in the following hyperbole of HELEN, in the play just mentioned.

I would distill
Each flower that lavish happiness produced
Through the world's paradise, ere Disobedience
Scattered the seeds of care. Then mingle ease
In one huge cup of comfort, for thee, love,
To chase away thy dulness. Thou should'st wanton
Upon the wings of time, and mock his flight
As he mov'd with thee tow'rd Eternity.
I'd have each hour, each moment of thy life
A golden holiday ; and should a cloud
O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,
That Helen might disperse it with her breath
And talk thee into sunshine.

WHAT is termed love, in the present day, is an ardent desire, which assumes the name of a tender sentiment. It is an honorable pretext to solicit something that is not so honorable. It is the seducing error of the young, the serious occupation of women, the wreck of men, the regret of the aged, and the real secret of Nature to perpetuate her works.

WEDDED pairs, who have opposite dispositions, and are perpetually squabbling with each other, make one think of the union between the *swallow* and the *snipe*. The first, says the fable, was never pleased in *winter*, the latter was never displeased but in the *summer*.

THE trifling train of female sparklers may be compared to the dew-drops which glitter in a May morning, and spread their colors to the solar rays, but which are scattered by the air. They both charm while they last, but they are only the charms of a moment.

OUR pleasures are destroyed by the most trifling things :—and may be compared to beds of flowers, amongst which some will undoubtedly be crushed—and *one* crushed flower is sufficient to disquiet us.

It is better to lose a friend by too great frankness, than to have the meanness to deceive in order to please him.

Coquetry is a snare laid for cunning, and prudery one spread for simplicity.

IN a letter to Mrs. Thrale, Dr. Johnson employs in a playful manner certain antitheses which cannot fail to amuse the reader :—

"The inequalities of human life have always employed the meditation of deep thinkers, and I cannot forbear to reflect on the difference between your condition and my own. You live upon mock turtle and stewed rumps of beef: I dined yesterday upon crumpets. You sit with parish officers, caressing and caressed, the idol of the table and the wonder of the day. I pine in the solitude of sickness, not bad enough to be pitied, and not well enough to be endured. You sleep away the night, and laugh or scold away the day. I cough and grumble, and grumble and cough. Last night was tedious, and to-day makes no promises of ease. However, I have put on my shoe, and hope that Gout is gone."

AFFECTION.

Genuine affection is the lot of a few: it requires too many qualities to be general. It demands too much constancy for the volatile, too much restraint for the turbulent, too much delicacy for the simple, too much enthusiasm for the cold and icy, too much activity for the indolent, too much desire for the philosopher, too much self-denial for the libertine.

Genuine love demands a considerable degree of elevation and energy of soul; generosity, sensibility, and rectitude of heart; a warm imagination, and inviolate attachment to the principles of virtue and honor. It cannot exist in the bosom of luxury and pleasures, in the midst of tumult, and the distractions of numerous and polite assemblies. It requires simplicity of manners, and retired life.

WERE the two sexes to appear always *in their own faces*, one might guess at the movements *within*, by the motions *without*. But as the majority put on *faces*, as well as *cloaths*, for public view; it is therefore, with the majority, a difficult matter to be well acquainted.

A ruby-nosed devotee of Bacchus, when reproved for the heinous sin of drunkenness, justified himself by quoting from Goldsmith, "*that virtue consists not in* NEVER FALLING, *but in* RISING *every time we* FALL.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

[*The idea of an universal language has at several times been a favorite with the European literati. To constitute however the basis of such a plan, it was first requisite to contrast and compare the almost innumerable varieties of dialect which exist in the world, or to establish some new principle of language which should be suited equally to every manner of speech known. A difficulty thus presents itself which seems insurmountable. But although this end may never be accomplished yet a comparison of different languages may give farther insight into the radical principles of speech, and be productive of many advantages although it should fail in some that might be desired. Professor Pallas of Russia attempted a work of this kind on a very extensive scale, entitled "Comparative vocabularies of the languages of all the nations of the Earth." This work was taken under the examination of the Celtic Academy and committed to the Senator Volney to make a report on its design, merits, &c. The following is the account given of the report of Volney, extracted from the Monthly Magazine. It is a curious specimen of philological learning.*]

THE Celtic Academy, fully conscious that the end and aim of all literary societies ought to be directed towards the progress of human knowledge, has exhibited a distinguished zeal to carry this principle into effect. M. Volney, one of its most celebrated members, has been selected to deliver in a report on one of the most extensive and astonishing works hitherto published on the subject of languages; and he has performed his task in such a manner, as to prove that he was equally capable to undertake as to criticise such a performance.

We learn from him, that Professor Pallas's book, which was composed by order, and printed at the expence, of the Russian government, is exceedingly scarce; that but a few copies only were published, and that none of them have been circulated but such as were transmitted as presents. In addition to this, with an exception to the Latin preface, which explains the Russian one, all the vocabularies, to the number of 200, are figured in Russian characters, the use of which is almost unknown in Europe. He at the same time informs his readers, that the Celtic Academy is indebted to the munificence of M. de Grave for the first volume of a book so scarce in Paris; that it is not in possession of the second, and that the Imperial library possesses neither of them.

We are told, that the Russian empire, more extensive than the Roman, at the same time exhibits a greater diversity of tongues and of nations; and that Catharine II. in 1784, wrote a certain number of words with her own hand, for the purpose of being compared in all the languages of the globe. The author has arranged his labors in three volumes, of which the two first contain 200 of the languages of Europe and Asia; the languages of Africa and America being reserved for another

section. This, he adds, has never yet been published; and he at the same time intimates that, from the period of time which has expired, but little hope can be entertained at present of its completion. He observes, however, that this loss is likely to be made good by the labors of the learned Doctor Barton, who has already collected more than 200 vocabularies of America, and also some appertaining to Africa.

After having indicated the names of the books and persons who have furnished the nomenclature of the languages or dialects, the reporter first transcribes the list of 150 words, which are compared in the 200 vocabularies of Pallas; and then those of the 200 languages compared in the first volume of the vocabularies of the same author. In respect to the classification adopted by him on the present occasion, he takes each of the words separately, for example, *heaven;* he then inscribes the title of the chapter, and ranging every page in two columns, compares it throughout the 200 languages. By this mode, the analogies and different divisions are seen at a single glance; and as M. Pallas has classed the various tongues in relation to their affinities, the effect of the whole is equally curious and simple.

M. Volney concludes his labors with the following deductions:

1. That in respect to extent of views, and abundance of materials, as well as the striking novelty of the results, the comparative vocabularies of M. Pallas constitute a work of the first order, infinitely superior to whatsoever has hitherto appeared of the same kind.

2. That of the 200 languages of which he treats, all those which by their pronunciation are connected with the Russian language, and conform to its alphabet, may either be considered as exact, or approaching nearly to exactitude.

3. That the languages which have some vowels for the elements of pronunciation, or consonants and aspirations unknown to the Russian language, undergo alterations in a great number of their words, which sometimes totally disfigure them.

4. That the errors and imperfections which have crept into the work, may be ascribed to three causes:

1. To the having attributed to the Russian alphabet a degree of perfection which it does not possess; and to the having constituted it an universal alphabet, without a previous discussion whether it possesses the necessary conditions for such a station.

2. To the having compared the words of different languages, without a previous comparison of the pronunciation of the same words, or without a previous analysis of the letters which are the signs of pronunciation; and

3. To the reception of several of the communications from the hands of persons utterly incompetent to the task.

M. Volney concludes by asserting that it is impossible a work of this kind should ever be finished by a single person, whatever may be his talents or his experience. To complete a literary monument, so magnificently and so fortunately commenced, he intimates a different mode of execution, and thinks that a polyglot commission, consisting of members selected from an academy solely devoted to inquiry into languages, would be best calculated to fulfil the wishes of the learned in respect to a subject of this kind. Its relations and correspondence would extend to all well instructed persons, both natives and foreigners; alphabets and vocabularies of all languages might also be collected, and printed in a series of successive publications, after having been previously examined and discussed. In the mean time, until a project so useful is executed, M. Volney invites the Celtic Academy to offer a prize for the conversion of the Russian into Roman letters.

The Supreme Judicial Court of this Commonwealth commenced its winter session in this town on Tuesday last. Present, Chief Justice Parsons, Judges Sedgwick, Sewall and Parker. The charge to the Grand Jury on this occasion was worthy of the splendid reputation of the Chief Justice.—Rev. Mr. Eaton performed the religious ceremonies of the occasion.

Errata.—In the last paper, Wanderer, 2d colum, by an unfortunate mistate in striking out an *i*, a *simile* was was changed to a *smile*.

The name at the conclusion of Palmyra, should have been *Anna Maria Porter*.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

FABLE....23.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

xt time a Goat whose simple heart,
custom'd freely to impart,
r sage advice sincere and true,
d all that her experience knew;
proach'd a Fox, and thus exprest
e honest feelings of her breast:
saw the farmer's lad to-day,
rap to yonder field convey;
e treach'rous engine he conceal'd,
e tempting bait to sight reveal'd.
u'll find, if you to life attend,
at trifles lure us to our end,
uld you avoid the fatal snare,
counsel weigh with cautious care,
prudence in your bosom reign,
risk your life like man for gain.
The Fox, with patience heard her out,
nk'd her, and then pursu'd his rout,
eynard, the foe of worth and truth,
o skill'd in cunning from his youth,
e honesty of all suspects,
s gravely, as he walks reflects:
hate these goatish politics—
beast but shows her selfish tricks.
s in my sober friend I see,
hence her great concern for me.
she, tho' wonderfully civil,
ver prophecying evil,
long have Foxes lost their wit,
t forward Goats should think it fit,
nstruct the learn'd, sagacious nation,
isdom, cunning, penetration:
rom his aim a Fox recede,
n were the beast a fool indeed.
y should th' interpreter of ill
mischief near yon sunny hill,
e there I constantly am seen—
t fairest spot in my demesne?
guide with kind assiduous care
footsteps from perdition's snare?
has, no doubt, a treasure found,
there conceals it underground,
rtune for her graceless young,
thout the wit to hold her tongue:
h brute or man, in food or pelf,
earliest thought is always self.
ncongenial to my parts,
e such mercenary arts:
e who politically wise,
r such detestable disguise,
ld justly suffer for their pride,
sing what they strive to hide.

Determin'd then to know the whole,
Swift to the premises he stole,
Where lay enough expos'd to sight,
To tempt his craving appetite.

Ah weak, he cried, conceited goat,
To whisper in imperfect note,
The treasure you propose to augment,
By giving me a different scent.
Who shews to all her private lock,
Transfers her goods in common stock,
Your secrets therefore told, assign
This poultry to these jaws of mine,
So saying on the prize he leaps,
As quickly springs the trap—and keeps
Him fast; a hideous cry he made,
Call'd to the Goat and begg'd her aid.
The friendly brute observ'd his moan,
Advanc'd, & thus her mind made known.

To the poor wretch whose head's replete
With schemes of av'rice and deceit;
Whose conscience is not over nice,
But winks at every petty vice.
Whom honor's laws could ne'er restrain
To give advice is surely vain.
Did not my zeal predict the fate
Of him whose hand should touch the bait?
But the warm counsel of a friend,
Unkindly view'd, has prov'd your end,
The words that fall from friendship's tongue,
Are weapons to the gay and young;
Receiv'd by those of common sense,
They're us'd as arms for self defence;
But in the hands of cunning, pride,
Are instruments of suicide.
Thus by your obstinacy curst,
The punishment you bear is just.

[*The following hymn was composed by the Massachusetts Sappho* (Mrs. MORTON) *and sung at the dedication of the West Boston Meeting House on Thursday last. We should be happy oftener to make the Emerald sparkle with the lustre of her poetry.*]

DEDICATORY HYMN.

In vain would mortal hands prepare
The Temple's bless'd abode
Unless, supreme in mercy there
Descend the accepting God.

In vain the warbled prayer we raise
Though human—seems divine;
Unless the heart's responsive praise,
INSPIRING GOD BE THINE.

Such was a MAYHEW's soul of zeal,
Adoring THEE with fear;
He taught the sinner's heart to feel
TH' ALL-SEEING GOD WAS NEAR.

With milder light a HOWARD shone,
To him persuasion giv'n,
He charm'd the hope to THEE alone,
PARENT OF EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Such may our youthful PASTOR prove,
The words of life to feel;
Be this a HOWARD's pitying love,
A MAYHEW's HEAVENLY ZEAL.

O THOU! to whom the solar blaze
Seems but a shadowy Zone;
To THEE our sacred Dome we raise,
JEHOVAH!—GOD ALONE.

SELECTED.

TIME'S DEFEAT.

Tune.—"*Cupid sent on an Errand.*"

ONE evening *Good Humour*, took *Wit*
as his guest,
By *Friendship* invited to *Gratitude*'s feast;
Their liquor was Claret, and *Love* was
their host,
Laugh, song, and droll Sentiment, garnish'd each toast.

While *Freedom* and *Fancy* enlarg'd the
design,
And dainties were furnish'd by *Love*,
Wit, and *Wine*,
Alarm'd, they all heard, at the door a
loud knock.
A watchman hoarse bawling, '*Twas*
past Twelve o'clock.

They nimbly ran down, the disturbing
dog found,
And up stairs they brought the Impertinent, bound;
When dragg'd to the light, how much
were they pleas'd
To see 'twas the Grey-glutton *Time*
they had seiz'd.

His Glass as his Lanthorn, his Scythe
as his Pole,
And his single Lock dangled adown
his smooth skull;
My friends, quoth he, panting, I thought
fit to knock,
And bid ye be gone, for 'tis *past Twe*
o'Clock.

Says the *Venom'd-Tooth'd-Savage*, t
this advice fix,
Tho' *Nature* strikes twelve, *Folly* st
points to six;
He longer had preach'd, but no long
they'd bear it,
So hurry'd him into a Hogshead of Cl

Wit observ'd it was right, while we'
yet in our prime,
There is nothing like *Claret* for killi
of Time;
Love, laughing reply'd, I am plea
from my heart,
He can't come and put us in mind
must part.

This intruder, rude *Time*, tho' a tyr
long known,
By *Love*, *Wit* and *Wine* can only be o
thrown;
If hereafter he's wanted on any desig
He'll always be found in a Hogshe
of Wine.

Since *Time* is confin'd to our Wine,
us drink,
By this rule we are sure of our *Ti*
when we drink;
Henceforth, let our glasses with bu
pers be prim'd,
We're certain our drinking must n
be *well-tim'd.*

EPIGRAMS.

Modest Beauty the most bewitchin

As lamps burn silent with unconsci
light,
So modest ease in beauty shines m
bright;
Unaiming charms, with edge resist
fall,
And she, who meant no mischief,
it all.

Marriage, the end of life.

Tom prais'd his friend, who cha
his state,
For binding fast himself and *Kate*,
In union so divine:
Wedlock's the end of life, he cry'd
Too true, alas! said *Jack*, and sig
'Twill be the end of mine.

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